

FRESH FIGHTING DEVELOPS FOR BAILLEUL

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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TUESDAY, APRIL 16, 1918

One Penny.

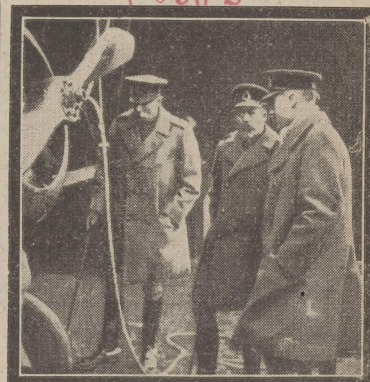
AN EFFECTIVE ARM OF BRITISH FIGHTING SERVICES



A dog acrobat on the fuselage. His antics cause much amusement. (Official.)



Moonlight effect of a battleplane at an aerodrome. (Official.)



The King inspects R.A.F. machine. (Official.)



Pilots discussing their orders before a flight. (Official photograph.)



Fitting the drum of a gun. (Official photograph.)



Handing out guns to observers on a battleplane. (Official photograph.)



Every pilot and observer here has brought down at least three enemy machines. (Official.)

The wonderful work performed by our airmen is illustrated in an official report received from headquarters. On Friday a great concentration of our aeroplanes was effected on

the battle-front. Thirty-six tons of bombs were dropped and over 110,000 rounds of ammunition were fired by us. Sixty-two enemy aeroplanes were brought down.

THE CLERGY NOT TO BE CONSCRIPTED.

Sir E. Carson: "I Distrust the Government."

THE NEW TRIBUNALS.

The Home Secretary announced in the House of Commons last night that the Government had decided not to conscript clergy and ministers.

After allowing for the ministration to spiritual needs at home, the remnant would not be worth while conscripting from the man-power point of view, but ministers could enlist if they wished.

Mr. Whitehouse exclaimed that clearly there had been a revolt of the Bishops behind the scenes.

The House discussed Irish conscription and the remodelling, by Order in Council, of the tribunals. An amendment by Sir R. Adkins was accepted substituting the Local Government Board for Order in Council as the machinery in Clause 4. The clause was carried on a division by 376 to 134, and the committee stage of the Bill was concluded.

On motion for the adjournment Mr. Devlin raised the question of the tremendously intense feeling that existed in Ireland. Mr. Duke was replying when at half-past eleven the House stood adjourned.

"A DIRTY TRICK."

Sir E. Carson, during the general debate, said he felt that the Government were keeping Ireland, north and south, dangerously in the dark, and he did not believe they intended to apply the Bill to Ireland. What was the machinery?

Mr. Dillon: It is the press gag.
Sir Edward: A grave situation is to be created in Ireland. The Government is playing with the right hon. gentleman opposite, and it is

POTATOES AS FOOD ONLY.

The Potato (Restriction) Order, 1918, which came into force yesterday, restricts, except under licence of the Food Controller, the use of potatoes and potato products to purposes of human or animal food.

Help to provide more of this food by planting potatoes at once.

To encourage this patriotic work *The Daily Mirror* is offering prizes to amateur potato growers in allotments, private and school gardens, as follows:—

First prize...	\$500	Fourth prize...	\$25
Second prize...	100	Fifth prize...	10
Third prize...	50	13 prizes of...	5

Everybody has an equal chance of winning.

playing with us. (Loud and prolonged cheers.)
Mr. Dillon: That is what they have always done.

Mr. Devlin declared this was one of the strangest and most welcome things he had seen. Sir Edward would not have had to find out he could trust nobody in the Government front bench.

Conscription was not a national necessity. It was a dirty trick and Carson had exposed it. Mr. J. H. Thomas criticised the proposal to take away the right of appeal without the tribunals' consent.

The Home Secretary assured Sir Edward Carson that the Government did intend to apply the Bill to Ireland and to put it in force there. Dealing with appeals to tribunals, the Home Secretary said, a month's delay for appeal would mean a serious diminution of man-power.

An old lawyer, he had no prejudice against giving one side a right of appeal denied to the other. He proposed to introduce words to amend that. (Cheers.) They would make the appeal equal for both sides.

NO FURTHER DELAY.

Mr. Asquith said that if the Government were resolved to go on—he wished they were not—and try this experiment (Irish conscription), he advised them to go carefully.

Mr. Bonar Law told Mr. Dillon that the needs of the military situation did not permit of an additional day being granted for debating the measure.

Mr. Hayes Fisher said that local tribunals would in future be nominated by the Government instead of being appointed by the local registration authorities.

Pledge to "Fifties."—Sir A. Geddes gave the assurance that no men within the present limits who were fit for service should be absolutely irreplaceable.

Seven per cent. was the percentage of men between forty-three and fifty to be called up and posted for service in the forces this year. The 93 per cent. would remain in civil life under certificates of tribunals.

Labour Ministers Confer.—The Labour Members of the Ministry, including Mr. G. Barnes, had a conference last night with the Premier on the subject of the Home Rule Bill.

It is understood that the interview had satisfactory results. There is no crisis, says the Press Association, and rumours of resignations are unfounded.

Budget Next Week.—The Budget will be introduced on Monday afternoon next.

Irish Recruiting.—Mr. Macpherson, in reply to Colonel Sir Frederick Hall, stated that the recruiting figures for Ireland from 1914 to 1917 inclusive were: Ulster, 48,438; rest of Ireland, 65,147; total, 113,585.

MISSING BABY.

Search for Woman Who Took Child During Mother's Absence.

"TAKEN TO CHATHAM?"

Another baby stealing case is occupying the attention of the London police.

On Saturday last a Mrs. Phillips, of Oakden-street, Kennington, left her eight-week-old son asleep in a nalcart at the back of her house.

A quarter of an hour afterwards a woman entered the house.

"It's all right," she said to the little girl in charge, "Mother sent me to see the baby. I am going to take it out for an hour."

The strange woman then took the baby out of the nalcart and disappeared.

Mrs. Phillips returned home. She spent an hour waiting for the return of the stranger with her baby. Instead of her little son came a telegram, which read, "Took baby to Chatham, me and George, Emma."

The wire had been handed in at Walworth-road. The number of the house given by the sender is a lodging-house for women.

The woman who took the child is described as being about thirty years old, 5ft. in height, of dark complexion and wearing a few coat or mackintosh, with belt, and a blue or black hat.

CINEMA SCHOOL STORY.

Denials in Slander Suit Claim of Kisses and Hugs.

Damages for alleged slander were claimed yesterday before Mr. Justice McCardie by Peter Holmes Frahm, of West Hendon, against William Welding, otherwise Stanley Ross, proprietor of a cinema production company and school in New Oxford-street.

The words complained of were: "He (meaning plaintiff) has been carrying on with some girls and married women. We have had several girls coming in and making a fuss, and when it came to a married lady I thought it was about time I got rid of him."

The plaintiff gave evidence, and cross-examined by Mr. Moses, said he remembered a Mrs. Webber coming to the office. He did not ask her whether she would like a kiss. He also denied that he had attempted to hug her.

The hearing was adjourned.

HUN PLAN IN WEST.

Mr. Balfour on U.S. Forces—'Double Quick,' Says Delegate.

"Unquestionably the German Higher Command are determined that this land struggle on the western front shall come to an end before the United States can bring its forces to bear upon that front," said Mr. Balfour, in addressing the American Labour delegation at a luncheon at the House of Commons yesterday. Germany, he said, was a robber nation.

"I believe that the German Higher Command are determined that this land struggle on the western front shall come to an end before the United States can bring its forces to bear upon that front," said Mr. Balfour, in addressing the American Labour delegation at a luncheon at the House of Commons yesterday. Germany, he said, was a robber nation.

Snaps of other speeches were:—
"We are in this war to end war, for if we do not end war it will end us."—Mr. G. N. Barnes.
"Ten millions of the brave manhood of America have stepped out and said, 'I am ready.' Many of them are on their way. They are double quick."—Mr. E. T. Meredith, director of the American Chamber of Commerce.

WAAC HANDED OVER.

Absentee Who Was "Sick of Being Moved from Camp to Camp."

LIVERPOOL, Monday.—Ellen Ward, of the W.A.A.C., was charged here to-day with being an absentee from Chadderton Camp.

The administrator of the corps said the girl had applied for leave and when this was refused had absented herself.

Ward appeared before the Court on Saturday and stated that she would not resign her unit.

The Stipendiary: Well, women sometimes change their minds. Are you willing to go back now?—No, sir, I won't go back; I am sick of being moved about from one camp to another. The girl repeatedly refused to go back and the stipendiary fined her 20s. and committed her to an escort.

BUY WAR BONDS AND HELP TO WIN

Mr. George Sutton, Director of Publicity, wishes to point out the vital importance of keeping up the weekly sales of National War Bonds to £25,000,000, especially in view of the present grave events. Allowing for Scotland's "War Weapons Week," the figures are not good, and every effort should be made by the public to see that the Government is not disappointed. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is forthcoming.

"VICTORY DEPENDS ON PRAYER."

General Sir W. Robertson, in a letter regarding the intercession service at the Queen's Hall on May 7, says: "It is only when the whole Empire unites in prayer as well as in work that we can look forward with confidence to a successful conclusion to this tragic war and to a just and righteous peace."

PASTOR FINED £40.

Letter That Led to a Prosecution at Police Court.

SLANDER ON THE W.A.A.C.

The Rev. R. H. Quick, Primitive Methodist minister, of Congleton, at the Congleton Borough Police Court yesterday was fined £40 on a charge of having spread false reports in reference to the W.A.A.C. and also making false statements in regard to the corps.

Mr. Brooke Lee, counsel for the prosecution, said these proceedings were taken under the Defence of the Realm Act, and the alleged false reports and statements made by defendant were contained in a letter by him to Mrs. Attlee, of Birmingham, secretary of the Purty League.

In this defendant said he had received news from a friend who was a soldier with others stationed in Yorkshire. Opposite their lines were the lines of the W.A.A.C., and he expressed the type of life lived between the two lines as appalling. The letter continued:—

"Is the League aware that there is a Government order in relation to the W.A.A.C., one of whose clauses is as follows:—Any of these girls give birth to a child and the girl is single the Government will pay the girl £15 and takes the custody of a child and keeps the same."

This, to my mind, is putting a premium on a horrible vice.

Continuing, counsel said the allegations were absolutely false. Defendant counsel added, said he never mentioned the matter publicly and was pleased to have the statements contradicted by the Vigilance Committee.

HUNS' CRY: 'GIVE US BREAD'

Lord Rhondra Says Hunger Is Reason for Big Offensive.

"Victory is now in Germany the synonym for bread," said Lord Rhondra, the Food Minister, in a special interview on the German food problem and its bearing on the great offensive.
"It is a fight, not for Paris, but for the food such an event would seem to promise. The cry for bread—'Give us bread'—resounds continually in Hindenburg's ears."

LASHED TO DEATH.

Thrilling Escape on Minesweeper with Entangled Mine.

Some of the hair-breadth escapes in the mine-sweeping service were revealed by a peep at the official records yesterday.

Last December the trawler Manx King, hauling up her gear, discovered an enemy mine lying within a few inches from the rail and another horn, already dented by the gear, not more than half an inch away.

It appeared as if the slightest roll of the vessel would cause the mine to explode. It was lashed as securely as possible, and experts were sent for to remove the detonators.

GENERAL TRENCHARD.

Resignation Due to Differences as to Powers and Duties.

Major Baird, in the House of Commons yesterday, informed Mr. Joynton Hicks that the retirement of General Trenchard, from the Air Service had resulted from the fact that the two officers took a different view of the powers and duties

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

There is a romance in every life, if one had but the gift of narrating it as fascinatingly as May Christie has described the struggles of an artless country girl to free from the toils of an unscrupulous woman the man she loves and who loves her.

This is the plot of the new serial "Only a Country Girl," which begins on page 7 to-day. Its human interest is sustained to the end.

To be certain of reading this splendid story order your *Daily Mirror* from your newsagent to-day.

of the chief of the air staff than the Secretary of State.

Personally the Secretary of State yielded to nobody in his appreciation of General Trenchard's high qualities, and much regretted that a difference on a point of principle had arisen.

"SETS WET GRASS ON FIRE."

"Thermite, the explosive used on this country by Zeppelins, causes molten blazing iron to fall through the air, at a temperature of 5,000 degrees," said Mr. J. C. Young, of the Woolwich Royal Military Academy, at the Society of Arts yesterday. "It is used in incendiary bombs and shrapnel, and sets even wet grass on fire."

CHARLIE CHAPLIN TO SERVE.

LOS ANGELES, Monday.—Charlie Chaplin has been drafted, and expected to be called E. June. He has waived his British citizen rights, and expects to be in the American Army.—Exchange.

HEROES OF THE 55th DIVISION.

Lancashire Terriers Whom Germans Underrated.

GIVENCHY'S DEFENDERS.

A supplementary dispatch received from General Headquarters in France yesterday gives the following details regarding the "55th Division at Givenchy."

On the morning of the German attack on April 9, 1918, the 55th (West Lancashire) Division (Territorial) was holding a front of about 6,000 yards, extending from La Bassee Canal to just south of Richebourg l'Avoue.

The enemy's attack on the southern portion of this front was delivered by all three regiments of the 4th Ersatz Division.

A captured divisional order, issued by the general staff of this German division and dated April 6, 1918, shows that its objectives were the ground and the British position in the triangle formed by Givenchy-Festubert-Gorre.

The following passage from this captured order is of special interest:—

"The troops are elements of the English 55th Division, which are being sent to the Somme, has suffered heavy losses in Flanders and at Cambrai, and was described by prisoners in March, 1915, as a division fit to hold a quiet sector that is below the average quality."

If the enemy expected little opposition he was most signally disappointed. Throughout the early part of the morning of April 9 the 55th beat off all attacks and maintained its line.

Later the division formed a defensive flank, facing north-east on the line Givenchy-Festubert, to the neighbourhood of Le Tourlet.

This line it maintained practically unchanged until relief, through six days of almost continual fighting, in the course of which it

IF YOU GO AWAY.

The Ministry of Food announces that on and after to-day persons not holding travellers' cards) changing their address, whether temporarily or permanently, will be able to obtain the necessary application forms for ration cards from any post-office.

beat off repeated German attacks with the heaviest losses to the enemy, and took nearly 1,000 prisoners.

At one time on the first day of his attack the enemy's troops forced their way into Givenchy and Festubert.

Both villages were shortly afterwards regained by the 55th.

NEWS ITEMS.

Woman of Seventy Hanged.—The body of Mrs. Blanche Matland, aged seventy, had been found hanging from the stair banisters at her residence, Sandcote, East Worthing.

Father of Eleven to Serve.—A man with eleven children, one of whom is serving, and who also has four brothers in the Army, has been refused exemption by the Hitchin Rural Tribunal.

When the Allies Knew.—The Prime Minister has informed Commander Bellairs that the date on which the inter-Allied War Staff formulated their accurate forecast of the German offensive was the end of January.

Will of Lord Rosebery's Son.—Captain the Hon. James Neil A. Primrose, M.C., younger son of the Earl of Rosebery, M.P. for North Cambridgeshire, killed on active service in Palestine, left £135,295 12s. 10d.

Aliens.—Measures are to be introduced in Parliament dealing with the increase of rent (rendered necessary by aliens, frightened by air raids, rushing to "safe" districts) and with the restriction of railway facilities for aliens.

Wedding Postponed.—The marriage of Lieutenant-Colonel A. E. F. Fawcus, M.C., and Miss Alexandra James, arranged for to-day at St. Margaret's, Westminster, has been postponed, the bridegroom not having returned from the front.

NEWMARKET RACING.

It is doubtful if a more promising Craven Meeting programme was ever put forward than that issued for to-day and the two following afternoons. The principal event to-day is the Crawford Plate, in which Lord Derby can choose between Phalaris and Hainault. Mr. selection.

2.30.—GLOVINA C. 3.30.—DE MESTRE'S 2.30.—ROUBAIX 3.30.—ROUBAIX 3.30.—ALTAIR 4.0.—SCOTSWELL 4.30.—GRAND FLEET. 4.40.—SCOTSWELL 4.40.—GRAND FLEET.

Double Event for To-day.

* ROUBAIX and GRAND FLEET.

BOUVERIE.

Racing to Proceed.—In the House of Commons yesterday the President of the Board of Trade said the Government saw no reason at present to interfere with horse racing.

YESTERDAY'S BOXING.

At the National Sporting Club Joe Conn beat Danny Morgan on points.

In twenty-rounds contest at Hoxton yesterday Roy McCormick (5th Middleweight) beat Corporal Barney Tooley (Goldstream Guards) on points.

ZÜRICH (received yesterday).—The Germans have imposed on the Rumanians a tax of £400,000,000. This step was announced five days after the signing of peace.—Exchange.

IN THE

WORKERS WHO GO TO THE ROOT OF THE FOOD SUPPLY



Pte. Allan John Tennant, missing. Information to Mrs. Tennant, Heath View, Cranford road, Heston, Hounslow.



Gunner E. A. Kirby, awarded the Military Medal, and, later, the D.C.M., for gallantry and devotion to duty.



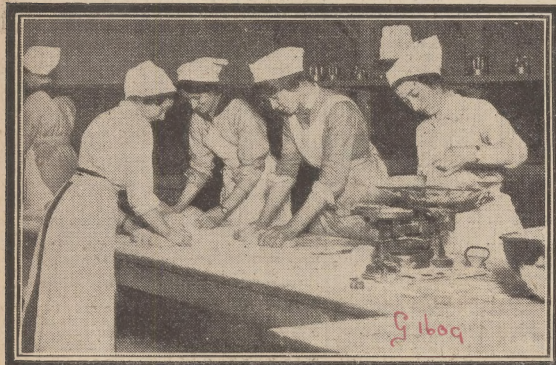
With the bags of fertilizer that will make two potatoes grow where one grew before.



Mixing and weighing the great potato stimulant.

One of the biggest agricultural problems is the supply of fertilizers. An army of women workers under the direction of the Ministry of Munitions are now busily engaged in solving it.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

WAR-TIME ACTIVITIES OF THE "WRENS."



Some of the workers making and baking bread.



The butchers at work in the meat store.

Over 2,000 meals are prepared every day in the kitchens of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich by members of the W.R.N.S.



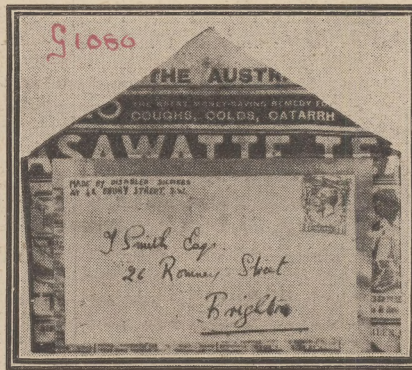
"DRINK, PRETTY CREATURE!"—The farmers in Sussex are doing well. Our photograph shows a lamb being fed by bottle in the grounds of a Sussex farm.

EVERY ONE OF THEM IS DOING HER BIT

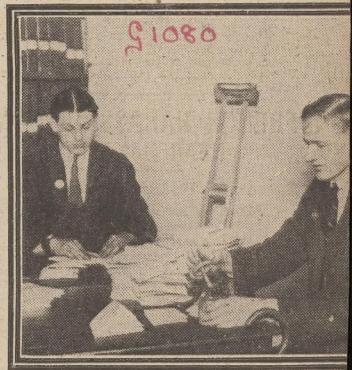


The women munition workers at a munition factory "somewhere London" entertain their comrades and wounded soldiers.

DISABLED SOLDIERS MAKING THE MOST OF WASTE PAPER.



What one of the wastepaper envelopes looks like.



Disabled soldiers making wastepaper envelope.

Both labour and paper that might otherwise be wasted are made good use of at the Ebury-street depot. The is light and suitable for the men employed, and it results in a really valuable economy of paper.

NEWS.

ITALY CELEBRATES ENTRY OF U.S.A. INTO THE 'LIBERTY' WAR



Vanoguer, who has received the Order of the Croix de Guerre for bravery in the days of the war.



J. H. Holley, Royal Yeomanry, only son of Gen. E. H. Holley, of Okehampton, has won the Military Cross for gallantry in Palestine.



Great procession in Milan to celebrate the anniversary of America's rally to the cause of the Allies.

Nowhere was the anniversary of the declaration of war against Germany by the U.S.A. celebrated with greater enthusiasm than in Italy. The Italian Army con-

tains thousands of reservists who were residents in the States when called up, and they have taught their compatriots what American intervention means.



General Angelotti reviews American ambulance.

WITH OUR CANADIAN FORCES IN THE GREAT OFFENSIVE IN FRANCE.



Up of Canadian signallers are seen repairing wires in a communication trench near the front line.—(Canadian Official photograph.)



A Canadian major-general looking at the German front line.—(Canadian official photograph, taken on the western front.)



"MENTIONED."—Staff Nurse Miss Priscilla J. Selfe, mentioned in Gen. Sir Stanley Maude's Mesopotamia dispatch.

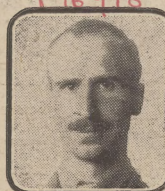


ON DUTY.—The Rev. Thomas Howell, a Walsall Congregational pastor, has been killed while serving as a chaplain.

THE HERO OF A TRAWLER.



Peter Thomson, a deck hand on a trawler (in uniform), who received the Albert Medal for jumping off a capsized boat which had been struck by a torpedo and enabling it to right itself.



DIED OF WOUNDS.—Maj. D. Nelson, V.C., R.F.A., who, it is reported, has died of wounds received in action.



DEATH.—Mr. John Gennings, general manager of Central News, whose death is announced. He was well known in Fleet-street.

"LIBERTY AIRESSES"—AMERICAN LADIES AS AEROPLANE CONSTRUCTORS.



Painting the identification mark on a 'plane.



Propellers made at the works of the Standard Airplane Corporation in New Jersey.

ably and very competently the ladies have been taking over much of the work of Uncle Sam's aeroplane fleet. These photographs show how less than a year of aeroplane production has developed a new and extremely lucrative craft for women.

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, APRIL 16, 1918.

HOW WE TAKE IT.

TWO sets of military experts are advising the public as the mighty battle goes on.

The first set obligingly warns us that the struggle may continue, with its present fierceness, "all the summer."

One feels they long to add: "And all the autumn and winter too." You might press them to admit that it would go on for ever. In other words: "Nothing else matters under Heaven so long as the war goes on."

The other set perhaps too light-heartedly assures us that the fire must burn itself out in measurable time—by which we take them to mean a time relatively near. There are moments when "some of us are tired." And in these moments we can't help liking the second set of military critics better than the first.

Both sets manage at times to be angry with their audience: the first, because people are not gloomy enough; the second because they say people spread gloomy rumours.

The public attitude is, we think, not in general to be blamed for either excess. It makes allowance for each temperamental or military-expert point of view and strikes a balance. Mostly it waits. It is prepared for anything. But it will not cross those French and Flemish bridges before it comes to them. It is expectant, anxious; not despondent. And, in defence, we may perhaps claim that this is the only reasonable attitude.

For whereas military critics so often contradict one another, and in the past have so often prophesied a vain thing, and even now are so clearly uncertain, fallible; surely it is not too silly to boil down their miscellaneous message to a common measure for consumption with the customary salt. What we can at the moment do is little. We can refrain from spreading evil rumour. We can refrain from imitating the trembling utterances of certain people. We can use that effort of hope which calls itself, with religious people, prayer, but which is possible even for the doubter in religion. We can rely too on one proved solidity—the skill and gallant strength of our men, now we believe grouped and used by greater unity of control. That is a real thing to rely upon, not an imagination, not a fiction. That is the first real thing.

Another is this that even the darkly hinting threateners will let us retain for further trial—the impetus, the élan of an immense attack like that of the Germans does surely, does inevitably, suffer from its own law of diminishing returns.

It is most effective when it works first and suddenly. Surprise aids it.

The siege method on the other hand is a slower method, and this offensive—if we judge rightly—was not designed to be a slow siege. Yet our men's wonderful constancy is turning it into a siege. Surely then—for once—Time is demonstrably for us, and our men are gaining us Time.

The public, then, are right not to get rattled; and perhaps right to remember at least that the German people have no reason to be happier about the situation than we.

W. M.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 15.—Peas are growing quickly now and must be attended to without delay. See that they are carefully protected from the birds by means of black cotton stretched above the rows.

Use soil around the plants if slugs are feared. It is most important to put the sticks in position in good time otherwise the crop is bound to suffer. It is wise to support even the dwarf varieties. Hoarding should take place during dry weather, when the rows may be lightly earthed up.

Prepare ground intended for runner beans this week. Manure the soil and dig it over deeply. E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

If I stoop
Into a dark, tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendour, soon or late,
Shall pierce the gloom. I shall emerge one day.
—Browning.



Mrs. Aeland-Hood, who has started a scheme for selling toys made by crippled children.



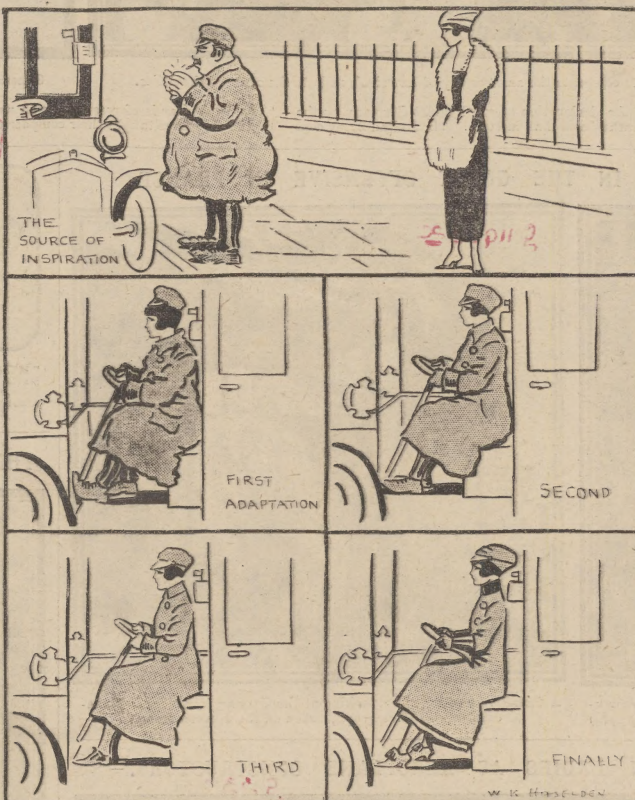
The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Creighton, whose husband, son of Lord Erne, is a staff captain.

THE BILL THROUGH.

Trouble Over Welsh Education—A Duke and His Castles.

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG's dispatches, with their mixture of good and bad news, are the best possible stimulant to the passing of the Man-Power Bill without delay. The Commander-in-Chief indicates pretty plainly that the foe is still strong and full of fight. The Bill will

HOW WOMEN ADAPT MEN'S UNPROMISING CLOTHES.



We all agree that they look exceedingly nice in the uniforms they have imitated—and improved—from men.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

certainly leave the Commons to-day and may reach the Royal Assent stage on Thursday.

Stimulated.—One of the effects of the introduction of the Man-Power Bill is to stimulate voluntary recruiting in Ireland. Reports from the north-west show that men are rallying to the colours in larger numbers than ever.

A Collector of Castles.—The Duke of Beaufort, who has given the Loughor Castle ruins to Swansea, had quite a stock of such ancient places on his hands until recently. He sold the historic Monmouth Castle, but he still retains Chepstow Castle and a few others.

To Be Wed.—Miss Mary Florence Robertson is engaged to Mr. N. L. Moon, of the Hussars. She is the second daughter of Sir Henry Robertson, one of the territorial magnates of North Wales.

Anxiety.—Lady Bute, a devoted sister, is concerned about her brother, Brigadier-General E. P. Bellingham, now reported missing. General Bellingham is now her only brother; the other fell early in the war.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

American Visitors.—A distinguished luncheon party met in the Harcourt Room of the House of Commons yesterday when Labour delegates from the United States were entertained by Mr. George Barnes, the British Labour Minister. They must have been specially pleased to see Mr. Balfour, Sir F. E. Smith and Lord Bryce, all in good standing across the ocean.

The Reception.—Mr. Barnes received a long string of square-jawed, keen-eyed American citizens, some of them accompanied by their vivacious women-folk. Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's spare, intellectual face was noticed with especial interest by the visitors from overseas.

Some of the Guests.—I noticed Lord Robert Cecil, whose face looks very lined now, coming in just as the oysters were put on the tables. The United States Ambassador, Dr. Page, lunched with his compatriots. Distinguished

A Wedding.—An interesting Guards' Chapel wedding will be Miss Kathleen Fleming's to Mr. Walter M. Hanay. It is fixed for next week, "leave permitting," for the bridegroom, a Coldstreamer, who has gained the Croix de Guerre, is on active service.

The Bride.—Miss Fleming is younger daughter of Mr. Robert Fleming, of Nettlebed, Oxfordshire, and Grosvenor-square, who is as well known in City business circles as his wife is in society, for before the war Mrs. Fleming used to entertain a good deal for her girls.

General Foch and Prayer.—A Frenchman who knows General Foch tells me that he is an ardent believer in the power of prayer. "We shall yet be saved by it," he says, "and it will not be the first time in this deadly struggle."

"Master Wayfarer."—The author of "General Post"—Mr. J. E. Harold Terry—once a colleague of mine on *The Daily Mirror* staff, has written a musical play. It is to be produced at the Queen's Theatre, with music by Mr. Howard Carr, and owns up to the romantic title of "Master Wayfarer."

Lyrical Romance.—This refreshing title suggests a novel by Stanley Weyman or Bernard Capes rather than a "frills and frivol" entertainment with music. Still, there seems to be no reason why musical comedy should not have a romantic interest somewhat above the penny novelette atmosphere of most of those which aspire to no plot at all.

Lyrics.—It is of pathetic interest that the songs of this piece were the last work of Arthur Scott Craven, the actor and poet who died for his country leading his men in battle.

The Play Boy.—It is interesting to note that Miss Maire O'Neill resumes her original part in the "Play Boy of the Western World." She had been engaged to J. M. Synge, the author, whose early death probably robbed the Irish stage of something really beyond the minor Celtic drama.

Outcast Commercial.—What are we going to do with our commercial travellers? Poor things! I suppose they will all go into lodgings in Bloomsbury, if the peripatetic population of that district has any accommodation left for them.

Hotelitis.—At any rate, all the hotels seem to be going one after the other. The latest to depart is the dear little Adelphi Hotel, near Adelphi-terrace, which is to be turned into an officers' mess. It is here that is housed the priceless collection of theatrical relics belonging to the O.P. Club.

The O.P. Club.—What is going to happen to the O.P. Club now that the Adelphi has gone? Sir Thomas Dewar and Mr. Greenleaf will have to find this much-moved club new quarters.

Dark Blue Wounded.—Major R. C. W. Burn, of the Yeomanry, who has been wounded, is the well-known Winchester and Oxford University cricketer. He is attached to the Machine Gun Corps.

Released at Last.—I am glad to hear that Steve Bloomer has at last been released from Ruhlleben and is expected back in this country very soon. Bloomer was undoubtedly the finest inside right who ever played for England.

King's Skipper Honoured.—Captain J. R. Carter, who has been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for his work in patrol service, is the skipper of the King's yacht.

Duke and Cricket.—At the annual meeting of the Derbyshire County Cricket Club the Duke of Devonshire was re-elected president. His Grace sent a message from Canada to "Carry on till the men come home."

A Great Three-Quarter.—Sapper Fred Birt, who has been wounded, is the crack Newport and Welsh international three-quarter. He dropped the finest penalty goal I ever saw in an international match, the last time Wales played England at Swansea.

Cruel.—A flippant correspondent, seeing *The Daily Mirror's* revelations as to the prevalence of "fatless brains" among elderly Germans, remarks that he never thought the Hun was fat-headed. **THE RAMBLER.**

THE COUNTRY GIRL

By MAY CHRISTIE



Betty Gordon.

CHAPTER I.

A SUNNY afternoon in April—a sky of young and delicate blue—soft airs blowing with a hint of coming life in them—and a faint stirring of growing things in the woods.

Down the winding road which led into a little green world—a world of sunlit bracken where timid furry things peered forth only to scurry back into safe privacy, past shy violets and primroses turned the ocean carpet of the woods into a blurred glory of blue and gold—came the sound of approaching footsteps.

Round an unexpected bend in the road appeared the perpetrator of the noise in a shabby suit of tweed, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, and his lips puckered together in a solemn, dirge-like whistle.

Close to an old-fashioned stile which led into the cool greenness of the woods he halted. From one pocket he drew forth a pipe—a disreputable, much-loved specimen of its kind—and, as tenderly as the mother-bird in the big elm overhead, he blew a moment filled her offspring's little yawning beak, so did he insert the tobacco in its accustomed shrine.

Then the whistling suddenly ceased. The little-maker turned round, more in his shabby pockets. Silence. More anxious fumbling. Then—

"Haug!" The word came explosively. "If I haven't forgotten the matches!" He jerked his long length down into a recumbent position close to the stile, hunching his shoulders drearily, and staring moodily into the blue distance which vaguely outlined a great stone manor house far away, topped by some oddly-distorted chimney-stacks.

"I wish—I wish I was through with the whole crowd of them!" The tall young man yawned, shaking about his head. By rights, the shadows flung through the delicate tracery of leaves overhead, playing an elfin game of hide-and-seek on his good-looking, boyish face.

It was a strong, square face, unlined and healthy. Decidedly every line of it. The lips were firm and well cut. But the eyes—deep-set and dark—held a look of boyish disappointment, of "disgruntlement" with the world in general that was wholly out of character with the remaining features of a very handsome, attractive face.

"How did I get into this awful mess?" He gazed resentfully at the far-distinct Manor House. "It has reached the absolute limit, I think!"

Suddenly, the silence of the world was broken by a wild clatter of horse's hoofs—a noise so loud and alarming that the denizens of the green little world fluttered and leapt and scampered to their twigs and holes and dens.

And even the moody young man by the roadside rose to his feet and stared expectantly down the road.

A whirl of dust and at a tempestuous speed came a high coach, swaying and rocking at every turn of the way. The brown mare between the shafts had obviously got the bit well between her teeth and was far beyond control. The girl in the driver's seat sat well back, dragging at the reins with all her strength, but powerless to check the frightened animal.

With an appearance of complete sang-froid, the tall young man leapt up, replaced the pipe in his pocket, brushed a few specks of turf from his shabby coat, and stepped into the roadway.

Just as the whirling equipage went by he made a sudden dash at the horse's bridle, caught it securely, was dragged along the road in a cloud of dust, but hung on grimly till the brown mare stopped.

With one hand still on the bridle, and breath coming and going uncomfortably fast, he took a square look up at the occupant of the driver's seat. A girl—and she had neither screamed nor fainted! An astonishingly pretty girl, too, with dark curly hair, and a pale, lovely little face.

She was speaking now, in a low, even voice, without even a tremor in it.

"I don't know how to thank you enough. It was wonderful indeed! The railway crossing—did you know it was only another half-mile?"

The tall young man stood staring up at her, tongue-tied. Who on earth could she be? Not one of the country gentry, surely—her gown, her position, no atmosphere of pomp clung round her—she looked so young, so fresh, so unsophisticated—so utterly different from the women he had left only an hour ago. His gaze was that moment turned to the woods to the Manor House, and a shadow fell across his face as he thought of the house-party collected there from London.

"I didn't do anything that anybody else couldn't have done!" he stammered. "Not anything out of the ordinary, that is! Won't you—hadn't you better get down—I'll look after the mare—hold her head a bit—"

With a quick movement the young girl stepped down and was beside him on the road.

"Please believe me when I say how grateful I am! Your risked your life. I can't ever forget that."

"Stiff and rubbish!" The tall young man smiled down at her. The change in their respective positions seemed somehow to remove some of his shyness. The goddess had descended to earth.

She was a slim little girl—and she had lost her hat. It had blown away in the recent wild gale. Hairpins had apparently followed suit, too. He noticed that she was leaning her head back, and that her hair cascaded over her pretty blue dress in crushed, silky ripples and long broken curls.

"You must have got a fright. Won't you sit down, just for a little while? See, I'll fasten."

the reins to the stile." He suited the action to the words, and the big brown mare started to nibble the young grass by the roadside, apparently quite contented with life.

Undecided, the girl stood half-reluctant, half-consenting. Then—

"I think I'll have just a few moments' rest," she said, and, crossing to the stile, seated herself daintily on its lowest bar.

The young man flung himself back into his old, melanchant attitude, lying on the cool grass near by.

She turned and looked at him. There was an uncharted emotion on her face he did not understand.

"I am sorry you were put to so much—so much—"

"She stopped, groping for the adequate word. "You might so easily have been killed." Her voice sank to a whisper and her eyes became misty and sombre.

"Perhaps that wouldn't have been such a bad thing, after all!" he said. The twinkle had faded from his eyes and in its place had come a shadow. "Life can sometimes prove such an unmitigated bore. Doing the same old thing over and over again."

The note of bitterness in his voice caught her attention and held it.

"I think," she answered softly, "on a day like this it's wonderful to be here."

"It's a heavenly day, isn't it?" she said nervously, wanting to break into the meaning of that enchanted silence she could not understand—yet timidly afraid. "I—I love the come is Gordon—Betty Gordon."

The young man tilted his head up and looked at her. Yes, she was extraordinarily pretty and appealing. Was she really dark or fair? Her hair was wonderful—curly like the poppy leaves in the shadow, but like the shadow, but her little delicate face was a soft white, her big deep-fringed eyes a soft grey. No! They were copper-coloured—dark like her hair—or was it?

It was a mistiness in them that made them so charming. "Do you know, so illusive?"

"You haven't been kind enough to tell me your name yet?" The very tones of his voice changed when he spoke to her. His friends called him the Major, or the young man, but he had been named the new note it contained.

She gave a little laugh. "It's a stupid, old-fashioned name—just Betty," she said.

"The young man aloud, lingering over the word. "Why, it's a beautiful name—and it suits its owner."

"It was stupid of me to mention only my first name," she said, hurriedly. "My real name is Gordon—Betty Gordon."

He noted the changing expression on her face and hastened to make amends.

"Miss Gordon." He spoke the words with a formal little bow that must disconcert at such a time. "I am very glad to have met you and to have been of service. My name is Trevor—Jack Trevor—and—"

He stopped for a moment, only to add impulsively: "I should like to see much if you could look upon me as a friend."

"I am very much in your debt," the young man seemed vaguely disappointed with her answer.

"Being in debt to a friend of friendship always be debt," he asked.

She smiled—and her smile was as sparkingly radiant and as coolly aloof as the spring sunlight on the waters of the little brook near by.

"Friendship is a kind of mutual debt," she said, idly pulling up a little bunch of pink and white wood-sorrel by the roots and regarding it meditatively.

The young man looked at her through half-closed eyes. The wonder of the spring day had gripped him—or was it only the wonder of her fresh, young beauty? Truly, surely she was spring itself, young, fresh, and glowing, as elusively pink and white as the delicate flowers she had caught between her little fingers!

The time slipped by as they talked of many things, of the changing shadows of late afternoon had lengthened over the green little world about them when she rose to go.

She looked at her wrist-watch and gave a little cry of horror, shaking the dark curls from her eyes.

"Why, I must have been here for two hours! Isn't it dreadful!"

"Not dreadful—wonderful!" came the answer. "Good-bye—and thank you, Mr. Trevor," she said, smiling shyly, and holding out her hand.

"But—but this isn't good-bye!" He stammered over the words in his eagerness, grasping her outstretched hand in his.

"I've got to see you again. When can it be?" His eyes were on her face, his hand on hers.

"I don't quite know."

"To-morrow?"

"To-morrow—to-morrow!" A riot of pink flooded her cheeks.

"But I want it to be to-morrow!" His voice was boyishly petulant.

"I've got to see you again. Do let me. Say I may come!"

She drew her hand back gently, lifted the reins and climbed into the driver's seat. Then she smiled down at him, with little dancing lights in her pretty eyes.

"I may be out to-morrow afternoon."

"But I'm coming!"

"My aunt will be glad to see you—"

"But it's you I want to see."

"Sit down, and I'll tell you a little happy little in the laugh. She gave the reins a little jerk and the brown mare started forward at a swinging pace.

She called out softly over her shoulder, looking back at the bare-headed young man who was standing gazing after her. "And—and I'll be at home to-morrow afternoon!"

"Long after the high dog-cart had disappeared from sight he stood there, staring down the long road which had swallowed her up. Over his head in a world of feathery greenery a thrush was carolling a mad song of love."

THE OTHER WOMAN.

BACK from the broad highway and surrounded by a rambling garden nestled the Red Cottage, its mullioned windows and gabled roof giving it a quaint and old-world air.

It was in the early afternoon, while Aunt Marion slept, that Betty seated herself at the old piano in the little sun-parlour and let her fingers wander over the yellowed keys with a gentle, sympathetic touch.

Jack Trevor, on his way up the narrow flagged path which led to the Red Cottage, paused to listen. The cynical look which had been his constant companion for so many weeks and months faded from his face at the sound of that low, sweet playing.

A shadow fell across the window, and Betty, wheeling round on the piano-stool, caught sight of him.

At three strides he was beside her, looking down at her.

"Am I late?" he eagerly inquired.

"Late? Why, it's only three o'clock. Aunt Marion is still resting in her room upstairs. Yes, early."

"I'm early, because—" He looked intently at her. "Because I couldn't keep away!" He spoke the last words slowly.

"Do sit down," went on Betty. "I'm afraid you'll think I'm awfully inhospitable!" She indicated an old-fashioned arm-chair.

"Would you like to know what I really do think?" He was smiling now, an extraordinarily boyish smile. Then he added: "But I really must not tell you. Perhaps I should frighten you. And possibly you might not believe me."

"He pushed the armchair forward for her. Then, when she had sunk down in its roomy depths, he seated himself on the uncomfortable piano-stool, hitching it towards the centre of the room and near her chair.

He sat quite close, looking at her intently, a long-legged, unconventional young man, with a gaze that was at once embarrassing and inscrutable.

"Do you know I couldn't sleep at all last night!" The observation broke suddenly into a silence.

Then he added: "I've been looking forward to this afternoon so awfully much."

"It was good of you to come," said Betty shyly.

"Good of me? Good heavens! Nothing could have kept me away. His voice had a ring of earnestness. "I am sure you'll let me come again. You will, won't you?"

Without waiting for an answer, he continued eagerly: "Because—oh! perhaps you'll think me presumptuous—impulsive—but Betty—"

"I broke off, stammering. "Betty—believe me—I love you! Yes! Let me finish—don't interrupt, please—I never knew what love was until I looked upon you."

"I am very glad to have met you and to have been of service. My name is Trevor—Jack Trevor—and—"

He stopped for a moment, only to add impulsively: "I should like to see much if you could look upon me as a friend."

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tive voice that sent waves of colour riding over her pretty cheeks. "Why, it's surely he!" she whispered, catching her breath.

A moment later she drifted down the road towards her, high-pitched and rather petulant. Then Trevor's tones again, well modulated and low.

Round a corner of the road appeared the speakers. Trevor, wearing an immaculate evening suit and a light overcoat, looked tall and distinguished. Betty realised his handsome appearance with a little thrill.

He was not alone.

Clinging to his arm was a fair-haired and strikingly pretty girl, a long blue wrap covering her black lace dress, and a filmy scarf flung carelessly about her head.

The young man took a step forward towards the stile.

"Why, Betty—Miss Gordon," he stammered, "this is an unexpected pleasure."

He held out his hand.

To Betty's mind he had never looked more handsome or more lovable. She flushed as she replied:

"I came out for an evening stroll. I've just been conjuring up a vision of my adventure here. I didn't think you half enough."

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ONLY A COUNTRY GIRL: By MAY CHRISTIE

GRAND NEW SERIAL BEGINS TO-DAY.

Daily Mirror

WAR WEDDING.



Captain David Strang, Royal Engineers, and Miss Dora Labbrette, married at St. Mark's, Hamilton-terrace. Leaving the church after the ceremony.



PTE. JOHN HUGHES—One of two British prisoners just reported to have been shot as spies by the German military authorities at St. Quentin.



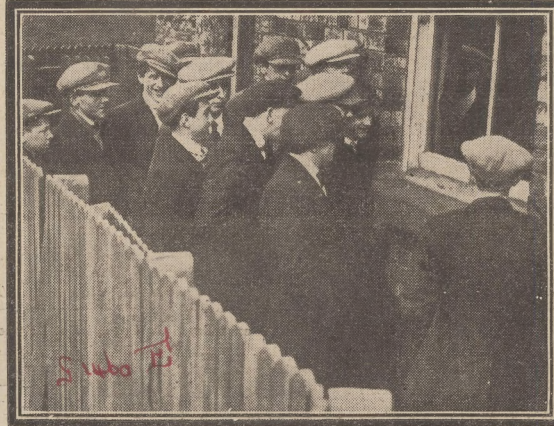
COUNT CZERNIN—Minister of the Austrian Imperial and Royal Household and of Foreign Affairs, whose resignation has been accepted by the Emperor Karl.

A SAWMILL GIRL.



Girls of the Forage Corps have been drafted to the Canadian Forestry Corps working in Cumberland to release men for the front. At the top of the sawdust chute.

FOR "THE FIGHTING FIFTH."



Miner lads waiting to hear the result of the ballot.



Drawing the ballot papers which decided who were to join up. The miners of Northumberland and Durham responded splendidly to the appeal for 50,000 more men from the coal mines. To decide which of the young men should be "combed out" they instituted a ballot.

A NEW AUTHOR.



Miss May Christie, who has made herself famous as a serial writer in America, and whose enthralling story, "Only a Country Girl," commences on page 7 to-day.



NOTABLE WEDDING.—Miss A. E. F. Macdonald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Macdonald, is to marry Captain L. Botha, son of General Louis Botha.

DURING BIG GUN BOMBARDMENT OF PARIS.



The bombardment of Paris by long-range guns has driven all public meetings underground. Religious services are held in the church crypts, and the scenes suggest the days when Christians worshipped in the catacombs of Rome.



SIMPLE DISTINCTION.—A warm cloak that is as distinguished as it is comfortable, made in tan coloured cloth, trimmed with deep yellow wool, striped with white. It is a very seasonable garment, and the general effect is pleasing.